

The Story of Zek 'Zalamee

by Scizaka

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Summary: This is one of the three tales of the Elites.

Minor Zek 'Zalamee is a regular Elite, that rises to incredible heights through his lust for revenge and for pride.

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Assault on the Control Room-September 19th, 2552_

The travel down to Installation 04's surface was a bumpy one. The turbulence increased as the Phantom dropship flew over the mountains of Halo. Zek 'Zalamee stood ready in his blue Minor armor to carry out his commands. He had heard over the Covenant's Battlenet that a Human ship, The Pillar of Autumn, had been taken down in the deserts of the sacred ring. His friend, Viko 'Nolanee, was talking with the 1st Sanghelli Combat Regiment's Commander, Rawu 'Yetonee, about this.

"Those pathetic infidels were foolish to even attempt disturbing Halo's peace," 'Yetonee said, "We will crush them as we have every other race that has stood in our path." 'Zalamee chuckled to himself. Luckily for him, the whine of the Phantom's engine blocked it out. He had always hated 'Yentonee for his over confidence. 'Zalamee knew it would get all of the regiment killed.

Suddenly the comm channel of the Regiment opened, "Get ready to drop," Tartarus, the chieftain of the Jiralhanae, said. The Phantom's exit slid open. 'Zalamee was the first out of the dropship. An icy chill met his skin as he free-falled from the sky. With about 50 feet to go in his rapid descent, 'Zalamee's jetpack activated, slowing his pace. He landed in the soft white snow of the ring's surface. He immediately shook himself off and ran toward a wall of snow.

"Camp set," 'Zalamee said.

'Yentonee had decided to stay put for the night rather than start looking for the control room. He had ordered 'Zalamee and 'Nolanee to patrol duty. 'Zalamee and his friend strolled along the snowy embankment, talking about the place in which they were born, High Charity. "It seems so different now that the Jiralhanae have joined," 'Nolanee said, "All of their quarters have their damned graffiti all over it. It's just an eyesore for the passerby."

'Zalamee nodded.

"It has changed." 'Zalamee drifted off into another wave of thought. He missed his grand city, his family, his wife. All of it was in danger. The humans were getting close to finding it. They would spare no one. He knew that if Halo was ever inâ€œ His train of thought was suddenly interrupted by a large spray of snow in his face.

"HUMANS!" 'Nolanee shouted. They had launched pods from one of their "Pelicans". Their pathetic excuses for pods had plowed through the snow, into a structure below. 'Zalamee saw the human exit his pod and draw his weapon. 'Zalamee jumped through the hole, just as the "Pelican" started to fire its chain-gun. One bullet ripped through 'Nolanee's armor, spreading purple blood all across the bleach white snow.

"No!" 'Zalamee shouted as he was sliding through the tunnel. All of a sudden, the cold, icy feeling on his skin vanished, and he was falling. He activated his jetpack just in time to break his fall. The humans turned to look at him. They were dressed in a black armor with a shield visor on their helmet. 'Zalamee had seen one before, these so called "ODSTs". They all leveled their weapons at 'Zalamee. He sprung into action, firing his father's plasma rifle into one of the humans' head, and then firing a charged shot with his plasma pistol at another. 3 humans remained. One of them fired their weapon at 'Zalamee. The bullets pinged off his armor. 'Zalamee returned the favor with his plasma rifle. 2 Humans left. One called out to the other one, "RUN!" He picked up the human by the throat and threw him to the ground. The last human had activated the control panel to a massive door and was already dashing through the hallway on the other side. 'Zalamee could not let the human get to the control room. He threw down his weapons and chased after the infidel. The human stopped at the last control panel, typing furiously. Before he could stroke the last key, 'Zalamee kicked up his "Magnum" into his own hands and fired 3 shots into the back of the humans head. 'Zalamee threw the useless weapon at the humans' corpse. He turned to the panel and punched the last key. The massive doors lurched open, showing 'Zalamee the view of a life time.

'Zalamee stood in awe as he looked at the holographic image of the ring circling around the room. 'Zalamee walked towards the panel that stood in the center. He touched the holographic panel. "By the prophets," he muttered, "I have found the key to the universe. I step where the forerunners have once stepped. I have found it."

"'Zalamee? Where are you 'Zalamee?" 'Yentonee blared over the comm.

"I'm in the control room, sir." 'Zalamee replied, still in awe.

"What? Did you say the control room?" 'Yentonee queried, also in

awe.

"Yes, sir. The key to the universeâ€| is here."

It took only a few units for the regiment to reach the control room. 'Yentonee was first in. He crouched on his knees. "We have found it! You have found it!" he exclaimed.

A holographic image of the Prophet of Truth himself appeared in the middle of the control room's floor. "Whaaâ€| Who found this Zealot?" the Prophet stammered.

"It was Minor 'Zalamee Excellency." 'Yentonee replied.

"Is he present?"

"Yes, Excellency."

"Let me cast my eyes upon him." 'Zalamee stepped forward and straightened his stance. "Ahh yesâ€| I remember this one." 'Zalamee tried to resist blurting out "What?" but held himself back. "He is the son of Nal 'Zalamee. Is that correct?"

"Yes, Excellency."

"Ahh yesâ€| he always said you would go far. Mmmmmâ€| his loss was tragic. If it were not for that demon, that "Master Chief", he would still be alive on this day."

"Yes, Excellency. I have sworn my revenge to this day."

"Hmmmâ€| hopefully it will not be the only thing that drives your quest for the beginning of the Great Journey."

"No, Excellency. I swore an oath to you, and I shall abide by it."

"Goodâ€| well _Major_ 'Zalameeâ€| Good luck." The transmission ended.

"Maâ€| Major?" 'Zalamee stuttered.

'Yentonee smirked, "Yes. Congratulations _Major_." He extended his hand. 'Zalamee stared at it, then reached out and shook it. "Your armor is ready." 'Yentonee said, still smiling.

A few units later, 'Zalamee stood outside of the Control Room in his new, shining red armor. He stood over the body of his lost brother. 'Nolanee had died in a surprise attack, the only casualty on the human raid. Feelings of anger, sadness, and revenge swirled inside of 'Zalamee. He held back his tears. It was a sign of weakness. His other Sanghelli brethren carried 'Nolanee's body away to the makeshift grave they had made for him. 'Nolanee deserved better. 'Yentonee walked up behind 'Zalamee, putting his hand on his shoulder. "Covenant Writ of Union, Canto I: Our war would yield countless deadâ€|"

"But never victory? Is that what this is? Some damned impossible quest that some floating jerks say we "need" to fight when all that's happening is the slaughter of all of our brothers?" The camp started

staring as 'Zalamee started winding down. 'Yentonee patted 'Zalamee's shoulder as the patrol of banshees reported in.

"Sir! Humans! A large attack force just landed!" one of the pilots shouted.

"Where?" 'Yentonee asked.

"Just south of here, sir!" the pilot replied.

"'Zalamee! Follow these pilots to the humans and squelch them!"

"With pleasure sir!" 'Zalamee shouted. He ran to his banshee and started it up. The other pilot had already left the ground. 'Zalamee followed the other banshee to an open field of snow. On the ground, a battle had already erupted. The human marines were being pushed back against a wall of rock by the advancing Unggoy and Kig-Yar forces. A single Sanghelli jumped in a ghost on the ground and plowed over three marines. There were 5 marines left. All of a sudden, the left turret stopped firing at the marines, and instead fired at the Sanghelli in the ghost. The turret made quick work of the hovering vehicle. The operator jumped out and headed for the wrecked human "warthog". 'Zalamee zoomed in on the turret's former operator. He stood tall in green armor with a golden visor. "NO! The Demon is here! Pilot! Aim at that human!" The pilot complied. The two Sanghelli opened fire with their fuel rod guns and plasma turrets. The demon noticed and flipped over the "warthog", jumping inside the turret in the back of it. He opened fire. The other pilot's banshee was ripped to shreds by the demon's turret. 'Zalamee pulled into a barrel roll to avoid the demons wave of bullets. He boosted out to the next outpost, where another banshee was parked. 'Zalamee jumped from his banshee, which was in very bad shape, and looked back at the ground where he had just hovered over. The "warthog" blazed around the corner, the demon in the driver's seat. He jumped out after he observed that another handful of marines were in a fire fight with the Kig-Yars, Unggoy, and Sanghelli. The demon fired a few shots with his weapon, and then got inside a battle tank called the "Scorpion". Four marines jumped on the side. The demon had destroyed the Covenant forces and moved on to the plateau area.

'Zalamee jumped inside the other banshee and pursued the slow moving tank. The battle around the plateau had begun. 'Zalamee's banshee shrieked as it dove into the battle. The demon's tank pointed its main cannon in 'Zalamee's direction. The explosive shell ripped off the banshee's wing, and blasted open the canopy, throwing 'Zalamee to the ground. He was knocked unconscious.

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